

THE PALATKA NEWS

AND ADVERTISER.

COUNTY EDITION.

NEW SERIES VOL. XI, NO. 35.

PALATKA, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1903.

\$1. Per Year.

Just a Word About

Summer Clothing.

We have too many light weight Suits for this time of year. We need the room for Fall Goods. In order to acquire the room we have decided to make a still greater reduction. It will be warm for sometime yet, and 'twill pay you to buy at these prices:

20 Suits, were \$12.00, this sale \$8.00

20	"	"	\$10.00,	"	6.00
15	"	"	\$9	"	5.50
40	"	"	\$8	"	5.00
25	"	"	\$7	"	4.50
25	"	"	\$6	"	4.00
25	"	"	\$5	"	3.50

These Suits are all of this season's most desirable patterns, and are the Biggest Bargains in the Clothing line ever offered in Palatka.

To Get Your Pick Come Quick.

Fearnside Clothing Co.,

Telephone 91.

Palatka, Florida.



FARM NEWS

BUCK'S
STOCKS & RANGES
"THE PEACH MAKERS"

We say to all people buying farm implements at our store

Your Money's Worth

OR Your Money Back.

We sell all the standard makes and our prices are below ordinary.

KENNERLY HARDWARE COMPANY,

Palatka, Florida.

New Arlington Hotel,

LEMON ST., PALATKA, FLA.

Two Blocks from Boat Landing. Most Convenient to Union Depot. Right in shopping district. Has been thoroughly renovated. Neat, Clean and Homelike. Hot and Cold Baths. Free Sample Room. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per Day. Telephone connection with all river points. Special Rates to Table Boarders.

G. LOPER BAILEY, CHAS. M. HILLIARD

G. LOPER BAILEY & CO.,

Fire Insurance:

Leading American and Foreign Companies

Accident Insurance:
The Travelers of Hartford
Life Insurance:

The Old Reliable "Germania
Life" of New York

Marine Insurance:
The Leading Companies

All Claims Promptly
Settled.

Office, 26 Front St., PALATKA, FLA.

PURE

Lead and Zinc Paints.

Wall Paper, Window Glass, Fine
Varnishes, Kalsomine, Etc.

New Gilt Papers 15c double
roll, and up.

E. E. DODGE, Palatka, Fla.
Next to Gay Bros., Lemon St.

Administratrix Notice.

Notice is hereby given that six months after the date hereof I will present my final account and voucher as administratrix cum testamento annexo of the estate of Walter S. Hart, deceased July 21st, 1903. Any person claiming against said estate of said Walter S. Hart, deceased July 21st, 1903, should file a claim with me on or before the 15th day of September, A. D. 1903. Witness my official signature and seal this 12th day of August, A. D. 1903. JOSEPH PRICE, Clerk Circuit Court, Putnam Co., Florida.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR

Tax Deed Under Section 8 of Chapter 1888, Laws of Florida.

Notice is hereby given that J. E. Wells, purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 763, dated the 4th day of July, A. D. 1903, has filed said certificate in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue in accordance with law. Said certificate embraces the following described property situated in Putnam county, Florida, to wit:

In saw cor of sw 1/4 of nw 1/4, section 26, township 11, range 46-5 acres.

The said land being assessed at the time of the issuance of such certificate in the name of Thompson & Dickinson. Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1903.

Witness my official signature and seal this 12th day of August, A. D. 1903. JOSEPH PRICE, Clerk Circuit Court, Putnam Co., Florida.

Birdskin Garments.

Eskimo women wear the most curious kind of underclothing. It is peculiarly being that it is made of the skins of birds. These skins, before being sewed together, are chewed well by the women in order to make them soft. About a hundred skins are required to make a shirt, and the labor of chewing the skins which form their garments is quite enough to account for the massive, well developed jaws of Eskimo women.

No Divination Needed.

He-The astrologer described you exactly and said that I would marry you.

She-Don't you think it was a waste of money to consult him?

"Why?"

"I could have told you the same thing myself if you had asked me."-Stray Stories.

Couldn't Think of Pillar.

Teacher-And what happened to Lot's wife?

Scholar-She was turned to salt.

Teacher-Into a what of salt?

Scholar-Why-er-a sort of job lot of salt, I guess.-Exchange.

Murderers Caught.

The sheriff's office has compassed the arrest of three men who are supposed to have been implicated in the murder of the negro Little at Como last Saturday night, an account of which is given on the third page of this paper. Deputy Sheriff R. L. Kennerly has been at Como most of the week hard at work on the case, and from small clues has worked out what seemed at first a really mysterious case.

There is strong evidence which links the men under arrest with the horrible crime. Their names are Butler, Chas. Sloan and Davis. As usual there was a woman at the bottom of it.

Will Report Favorably.

Superintendent Grady of the G. S. & F. R'y. was in the city early in the week inspecting the right of way through the streets recently granted his company by the city council, together with the property on which the railroad company has options for purchase. Mr. Grady was favorably impressed with the whole scheme and stated that he would make a most favorable report to the company.

Sent Ten Dollars Instead.

Hon. R. W. Davis was to have made a little speech to the band boys at their concert and dance last night, but as he was suffering with an attack of hay fever he sent the boys a pleasant note begging them to excuse him on account of the affliction. In the note was enclosed a \$10 bill for the benefit of the band.

Service At St. Marks.

Rev. F. H. Richey, rector of St. Marks Episcopal church, who has been spending a month's vacation in New York, writes the News that he will return this week and that on Sunday will resume the regular services at St. Marks. There will be holy communion at 7 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon at 11 o'clock, and evensong and sermon at 7:45.

ARE YOU DISSATISFIED?



Why Be So?

Why not buy your Shoes here where satisfaction reigns Supreme?

We know the people of this City appreciate what is good and want the Best.

This quality characterizes our Guaranteed Patent Leathers which we are selling at \$3.50.

City Shoe Store

A. M. McIVER, Prop.,
Palatka, Florida

THE THURSTONS AS MATCHMAKERS

By L. E. CHITTENDEN

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In the hay loft six Thurstons sprawled at ease and wished something would happen.

"Say," said Don excitedly, sitting up. "I know something. You know Mrs. Wilson's nephew, Jim Wilson, who coaches us at football?"

"Yes."

"Well, I heard daddy tell mother that he's fallen in love with Amy Smithers. Did you ever hear of such a silly—a great big fellow like him in love? But he is," continued Don, looking around, with a disgusted air.

"Amy Smithers," said Ted, with the air of a connoisseur, "is the prettiest girl in the town. She's a brick, too, and the best Sunday school teacher I ever had. I intended to marry her myself."

"Well, you can't," continued Don. "nor Mr. Wilson either, for daddy says Mrs. Wilson is awful mad about it on account of Mrs. Smithers being a farmer and talking bass and having whiskers, and Amy's her niece, you see."

"Well, the idea!" said Polly indignantly. "Why, Mrs. Smithers is an awful good woman, and you don't think a bit about her whiskers when you know her."

"Mrs. Smithers is mad, too, and says Mrs. Wilson is a stuck up thing and Amy's not allowed to have anything to do with that nice Mr. Jim Wilson. Daddy's about crazy with hearing both sides and not being able to do a thing about it, and he says he's glad he and mother are going to the synod next week, and he hopes something will happen while he's gone to fix things up. So let's us."

Five Thurstons with renewed interest in life sat up.

"How?" they queried simultaneously.

Then Molly, struck with an idea, said, "Don Thurston, how'd you ever hear all this?"

"Had the toothache the other night and couldn't sleep; so I laid down on the floor beside that drum thing that comes up from the sitting room, and daddy was talking so I couldn't help but hear," said Don.

"You ought to have coughed or something," said Molly severely.

"Never mind," said Polly; "I'm glad he didn't; it's so interesting. Let's think what to do."

"Let's have a dinner party," said Molly, "and ask the bishop to come and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Smithers and Miss Amy and Mr. Jim, and ask 'em all separate and tell them not to tell any one, but to come and meet the bishop. Then when they're all here we'll have it all dark and Miss Amy and Mr. Jim in the library concealed, and we'll spring the lights on, and nobody'll dare get mad with the bishop there, and they'll all say, 'Heaven bless you, my children.'"

"How can we with mother gone?" asked Polly.

"We'll get Mrs. Flannegan to help, and we'll have it the evening father and mother come home."

"Where'll we get the money?" asked Ted, suddenly developing a practical side.

"We've got a dollar apiece saved for missions; we can use that and save some more for missions," suggested Don.

"This is a kind of mission, I think," said Polly, trying not to wonder what her father would think about it.

With the Thurstons to plan was to act; so Polly and Molly flew to the house for paper to write out their menu. Dummy Dee was to get on his wheel and go over to the bishop's.

The bright spots in the busy, overworked, bishop's life were usually supplied by the Thurstons.

So as he was coming out of his door with a pile of letters in his hand his heart cheered within him at the sight of the somewhat ball-like figure of Dummy Dee dismounting in haste from his wheel.

"Oh, bishop, I'm so glad you aren't gone away," began Dummy Dee after they had shaken hands, "because we want to fix something with you. Can you come to a kind of a supper or dinner party at our house next week Thursday?"

"That's the evening I get home from the synod," said the bishop. "I think I can, thank you."

"Father and mother are going too. It will be a surprise. Be sure not to tell them about it at the synod, won't you, bishop?"

And the bishop, scenting mysterious delights from afar, promised faithfully not to divulge the secret nor to forget his own engagement.

So Dummy Dee rode happily away to where the fire were struggling with the menu, which seemed never to progress beyond ice cream and fried chicken, with candy interludes.

Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Smithers accepted with the same delight the bishop had shown. They were entirely sure that whatever the Thurstons figured in could be counted on to be wildly exciting as well as original.

Then Mr. Wilson and Miss Amy Smithers were sworn to secrecy and invited.

Mrs. Flannegan was engaged to help about the dinner. She made up in good nature what she lacked in skill, which was considerable.

The day of the feast was a busy one and providently, they considered, a half holiday from school. Mrs. Wilson sent flowers and after a consultation with the open minded Dummy Dee arranged some matters with her own cook to supply some of Mrs. Flannegan's deficiencies.

The guests, assembling on the evening, were met by Dummy Dee, who led them into the darkened parlor. "There's a chair," he would say, leading them one by one to a haven of safety. The

lights will come on by and by."

And presently, when they all were in the parlor, the Thurstons switched on the lights and waited in various attitudes and places for things to happen. After the guests' eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the change from darkness to dazzling radiance Mrs. Smithers and Mrs. Wilson regarded each other and the exceedingly good looking young couple, to say nothing of the bishop and the bewildered Rev. Mr. Thurston and his wife.

The temperature was growing more and more frigid every moment when in rushed the conspirators' chorus, who had mainly been concealed behind the library doors. "Oh, why don't you say 'Heaven bless you?' best light Molly in anguished tones. "Dinner's all waiting and getting cold, and if you only knew what a lot of trouble it's been to keep the hot things from getting cold and the cold things from getting hot!"

"What under the sun?" began the Rev. Mr. Thurston. And then, headed by the bishop, they all broke into wild peals of laughter, and you know no one can keep a resentment long alive to the tune of laughter. So by and by, to the delight of the six conspirators, Mrs. Wilson was kissing pretty Amy Smithers and Mrs. Smithers was shaking Jim Wilson's hand.

Then they trooped out to the gayly decorated dining room. The dinner, from soup, oysters, fried chicken, vegetables, to cake, ice cream and coffee, was so much better than poor little Polly and Molly and the boys had expected that they, knowing nothing of the appearance of Mrs. Wilson's cook on the scene armed to the teeth with hampers, just supposed it was the work of fairies that preside over such scenes and ate with rare enjoyment of every course, with a candy and salted almond interlude between each.

The bishop was in his happiest mood and drew out each guest to the best advantage. Mrs. Wilson began to realize the worth of Mrs. Smithers and Mrs. Smithers grew very friendly toward the pretty, soft voiced little lady, while Mr. Jim and Miss Amy apollied and petted the six children to their hearts' content.

"This is better," said Molly afterward, "than diamonds and shiny clothes in a show."

WOMAN.

Woman is the masterpiece.—Confucius.

Shakespeare has no heroes, only heroines.—Ruskin.

Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.—Voltaire.

Woman is the most perfect when the most womanly.—Gladstone.

If woman lost Eden, such as she alone can restore it.—Whittier.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.—Lamarine.

Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave.—E. S. Barrett.

A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.—Sandil.

The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.—N. P. Willis.

For where is any author in the world who teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes?—Shakespeare.

Heaven has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.—Luther.

Grain in Wood.

Three kinds of structures are evident in the twig of a year or two's growth. An irregular mass of pith is in the center, which in time grows less and ultimately disappears. Outside this is a sheath and a layer of hard cellular tissue, which from the very first presents a radiating structure, the beginning of the medullary rays, called by carpenters the "silver grain." Outside this again is a layer of cambium, the growth for new wood.

A clearly traced dark line intersects all these radii at right angles and marks off the growth of each year, large or small, according to the season. This is the ring whereby in cross section the age of the tree, when felled, is reckoned. Different kinds of timber show the grain in differing degrees. In oak the grain is very conspicuous; in the beech, plane and maple it is very marked, but of smaller size; in others it is scarcely seen by the eye, but always under the microscope. In all tropical woods, such as mahogany, this structure is very obscure.

Town and Country.

The distinction between town and country, between natural and artificial life, is of course, as we all know, a very arbitrary one. The highly complicated and seemingly artificial life which we now lead is an absolutely natural condition of existence, as natural as the life of a colony of beavers in one of their dams on a Canadian river or of a nation of ants at work in the garden. Evolution directs the forces of nature in the building of the beavers' houses, in the construction of birds' nests and in the building of the king's palaces. There is no natural difference between a leaf carried by a murmuring stream over transparent depths of sunshine, under dark tunnels of overhanging foliage, and a human waif whirling in a human stream over muddy pavements. As the great ocean itself is but a single drop in the immensity of creation, so London, overgrown as it is, is but an ant's nest in the surrounding country.

—Marcus Reed in Macmillan's.

THE PROPER TREATMENT FOR A SPRAIN.

As a rule a man will feel well satisfied if he can hobble around on crutches two or three weeks after spraining his ankle, and it is usually two or three months before he has fully recovered. This is an unnecessary loss of time, for in many cases in which Chamberlain's Pain Balm has been promptly and freely applied, a complete cure has been effected in less than one week's time and in some cases within three days. For sale by Ackerman & Stewart.

AMONG THE POLITICIANS.

Napoleon Bonaparte Broward, whilom sheriff, filibuster and legislator, but now a plain, blunt spoken town boat captain, who makes his home in Jacksonville, county of Duval, appeared at the Lake Butler picnic last week in the role of a more than probable candidate for governor. Mr. Broward, himself, is a willing, nay, anxious, Barkis, but it appears he is not getting the support from home folk that he was led to believe he could count on. Fact is, Jacksonville with its two candidates for the Senate and three or four for Congress, is beginning to feel that it has made about all the demands upon voters that its size warrants, and therefore its politicians are not working over time to induce other patriots from the same town to enter the office seeking arena.

Broward is a good man according to his lights, but his lights in the matter of statecraft are still measured by candle power instead of by voltage. He made a grand success as a sheriff and rendered heroic and valuable service to the hard-pressed Cubans as filibuster at the time of their struggle with the Spaniards. But he made a poor legislator. That was evident from the fact that he was a strenuous advocate of the dispensary liquor law in the 1901 legislature. That fact is all the evidence that is needed that he was a failure as a legislator, and that he would be even a more colossal failure as governor. Statecraft isn't his lay. And yet that's nothing to his discredit. It is too bad that some of his old friends don't advise him that he's getting beyond his depth and pull him out before he gets swamped in the campaign that's to be all for Bob Davis.

That the Hon. Chas. Dougherty, of Volusia, will be in the race for member of Congress there need no longer be doubted. Mr. Dougherty was in Palatka last Tuesday and assured the News that his announcement would be forthcoming at the proper time. For a long time past Mr. Dougherty has been engaged in making a preliminary gun shoe campaign among the people, and those who know him of old remember what an elegant mixer he is with the rank and file; what pretty winning ways he has with the every day man. Dougherty was never defeated for office and he has a whole raft of friends down this way who say he will not be defeated in the coming primary.

Funny, ain't it? But both Stockton and Dougherty claim their greatest strength from the wool hat boys, and yet their methods are so different.

Stockton damns the Times-Union with a big D., and calls it every thing that is bad. But not so Dougherty, who cut off some flakes of tobacco, tore a corner off the Times-Union, made a cigarette of the tobacco and paper, and as he put it to his lips and struck a match on the subsequent end of his trousers, said: "I like that paper; best in the world; made of wood pulp, you know; don't injure the bellows nor corrode the silver on a man's tongue."

Did you ever pause long enough before the question of the Senatorship to calculate what a really narrow swath our Governor would cut in the Millionaire's Club (U. S. Senate) with that heaven-born "rash" of 'steen to one as his slogan? No? Well, when it comes to the resurrection of a dead issue, a man must needs possess a strong and winning personality coupled with such a degree of platform eloquence as marks him a leader among leaders. No one has ever charged Gov. Jennings with being quite that. Even Bryan, with the matchless eloquence of his "you mustn't crucify mankind upon a cross of gold"—what ever that may mean—seems utterly powerless as a resurrectionist in this prosperous year of our Lord, 1903. Sixteen to one was a catchy hard times rallying cry in 1896, a nauseous dose in 1900, and, if we mistake not, will prove a horrible nightmare to the rank and file of the democratic party, in 1904. Unless our governor can advance something more potential in establishing his claim to Senator Taliaferro's seat than to borrow the cheap catch-phrases of a dead issue he is certainly lacking in those elements of leadership which should be required of a man seeking this high place. His whole platform is borrowed from past utterances of democracy. It is a document that looks back and not forward.

The most partisan of Mr. Stockton's followers cannot be proud of his performance at Punta Gorda. It was, indeed, a most regrettable incident. Mr. Taliaferro's address was dignified, calm and unimpassioned. He gave a clear, clean-cut exposition of his views, and a modest statement of his achievements. His speech ought to win for him a great many friends. Mr. Stockton's speech was of the kind that has made "Duval politics" distasteful throughout the State. It was a mixture of salt, pepper, vinegar and bile. It was not in keeping with the occasion, and up to the present moment has received no favorable notice from any quarter. It was a blunder and is no doubt mortifying to his friends. In the first inning a point was certainly scored in Mr. Taliaferro's favor.—Ocala Banner.

GOINGS ON IN FLORIDA.

Mrs. Mary S. Duval, a pioneer resident of Tallahassee, is dead.

The Florida state troops will encamp at Jacksonville next week.

Labor Day will be celebrated with appropriate exercises at Jacksonville and St. Augustine and Miami next Monday.

The Suwannee river has overflowed its banks on the western borders of Alachua County, doing much damage to crops.

Deposits of lime rock have been discovered in St. Johns county, which it is thought will make excellent material for hard roads.

The Jacksonville and Tampa base ball clubs will have a series of three games at Ocala on the Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

Mrs. Estelle Kennedy, an estimable lady of Plant City, is dead as a result of a kerosene oil explosion caused by trying to force the kithen fire. The old story.

The liquor interests have failed in their effort to make Lafayette a "wet" county. It has been "dry" for years, and at the election last week decided to stay so.

Three whales attacked by sharks were driven ashore and beached in the storm at St. Augustine last Monday. Thousands of people from the city went to see those monsters of the sea.

Gus, Knight a young white man whose home is Stark, was killed by falling from a tree in DeLand last Monday. Knight was up the tree assisting in putting up wires for the telephone company.

Chas. T. Carroll, for many years a leading business man of Monticello, is dead. Mr. Carroll recently established the Monticello News, which he had edited. He will be succeeded by his son W. W. Carroll.

Gov. Jennings delivered an address at the unveiling of a monument to the memory of the late John A. Pearce, sheriff, at Tallahassee last Sunday. The ceremonies were conducted by the order of "Woodmen of the World."

Miss Lizzie Appley, of Tampa, is dead as the result of severe burns received Sunday morning early. She had gotten out of bed to learn the time, to see which she was obliged to strike a match which she afterwards threw to the floor, igniting the mosquito netting which blew up and set fire to her clothing. She was unable to extinguish the flames and died before help could reach her.

HIS LIFE SAVED BY CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.

"B. L. Byer, a well known cooper of this town, says he believes Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy saved his life last summer. He had been sick for a month with what the doctors called bilious dysentery, and could get nothing to do him any good until he tried this remedy. It gave him immediate relief," says B. L. Little, merchant, Hancock, Md. For sale by Ackerman & Stewart, druggists.

Another Banko Game.

"Did you hear about Deacon Haw-buck falling from grace last week?" asked the neighborhood gossip.

"No. What was the cause of it?" asked the willing listener.

"A banana skin, so I have been informed," answered the neighborhood gossip.

"Oh, he slipped on the sidewalk and fractured one of the commandments, eh?" queried the party of the second part.

"No," replied the information peddler; "he purchased three green bananas of a train boy for a quarter."—Chicago News.

A Reckless Culprit.

Bertie (banished for misbehavior)—Don't you think they'll give us anything to eat, Arthur?

Arthur—I don't know, and I don't care.

Bertie—Oh, Arthur! How can you talk like that about fruit and cake and ice cream?—Puck.

Close Behind.

"The best people of this city are behind me!" howled the candidate for municipal preferment.

"You bet they are!" called out a quiet man in the audience. "And you'd better not stop in one place too long or they'll catch up."—Baltimore American.

Couldn't Fool Him on That.

Teacher of Night School—Thomas, can you tell me what a storage battery is?

Tommy de Kid—Yes'm. It's de pitcher an' ketcher what de cap'n brings out when de udder fellers begins to pile up runs on him.—Chicago Tribune.

An Unjust Aspersions.

"Yes, our society's new president certainly is a busy woman, but they say she is neglecting her duties as a wife and mother."

"That is not true. I know for a fact that she manages to see her family almost every day."—Brooklyn Life.

One Exception.

"Seeing is believing, you know," remarked the man with the ingrown quotation habit.

"Not always," replied the fussy person. "I see you frequently, but I seldom believe you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Good Natured Way.

De Brouse—is Fitz-Greene good natured?

Yan Schmidt—Good natured? Good natured? Well, I should say so! Why, he laughs at his own jokes.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

If you want to get your money's worth; and see a good COLD knock-out, use Peck's Pine Tar Syrup (Improved).